Chapter 82: The Divine Triad - The Wathcers

In the heart of the Absolute Realm, within their majestic thrones—Ashborn on his Absolute Castle, Sung Jin-Woo in the looming Umbra Citadel, and Sung Su-Ho in the magnificent Eternis Draconis—the Divine Triad sat in regal silence, gazing upon the vast expanse of their inner worlds.

Ashborn, the Absolute Celestial Being, with his six ethereal wings folding gracefully around him, could feel the eternal balance of the cosmos shifting ever so subtly. His piercing gaze shifted to the shimmering expanse of Lumiel's Army of Light below, seeing their radiant growth, their celestial warriors becoming ever more formidable. But it was not just the increase in numbers that filled him with satisfaction; it was the perfect order, the refinement of their divine purpose.

Meanwhile, Sung Jin-Woo, the Shadow Monarch and Absolute Humanoid Being, leaned back slightly in his obsidian throne in the Umbra Citadel, feeling a deep sense of pride wash over him. His Umbrios' Shadow Legion had grown beyond expectations, and more impressively, his fallen enemies—those who had once dared to challenge him—had been resurrected and forged into powerful soldiers, their spirits bound to his will. The materialized shadow warriors now stood in numerous numbers, their dark forms rising with terrifying power, ready to carry out his every command. Jin-Woo could sense the untapped potential they held, their growth an extension of his own power, his control over the shadows becoming absolute.

Sung Su-Ho, the Dragon Monarch, sat atop his throne in Eternis Draconis, the very realm pulsing with the raw power of the Draconic Host. His thoughts focused not on the present, but on the future of his dragonkin, how they had evolved in this vast, boundless universe. His Drakion forces were now growing in strength, but it was his personal pride that surged as he observed the rebirth of his fallen foes, now transformed into draconic warriors under his banner. They were more than just soldiers—they were the embodiment of his ambitions, each one infused with a portion of the soul of the original, now reborn with new purpose. In Drakion, the shadowy mountains quivered with the power of their ascension.

As the Divine Triad watched from their thrones, the world beneath them shifted with unimaginable force. Umbrios, the one whom they had entrusted with the deepest secrets of resurrection and transformation, had done more than merely create armies. He had revived his fallen adversaries, twisting their very essence into new beings, forming soldiers from the ashes of old battles. The transformation was perfect—each warrior now stood with a power far beyond their previous incarnation. They were reborn as extensions of Umbrios' will, materialized into existence as loyal and relentless as the shadows themselves.

The Triad exchanged knowing glances, their silent approval resonating across the vast planes of the Absolute Realm. It was not merely the increase in numbers that gave them pride, but the perfection of their creations. Each being—be it Umbrios’ shadow soldiers, Lumiel's radiant legions, or Drakion's draconic warriors—was a reflection of their combined power, a testament to their absolute reign.

As the Divine Triad basked in the fruits of their labor, their thrones glowed with the energy of their legacies, each one a monument to their greatness. The realms beneath them, the very fabric of their inner worlds, thrummed with power. The future was theirs to shape, and the endless expanse of creation lay open before them, waiting for the next chapter in their eternal rule.

But even in this moment of triumph, they knew—this was only the beginning. The seeds of their dominion had been planted, and now, they would watch as their lesser Absolutes, their armies, and their allies grew into powers that would shape the fate of the multiverse itself.